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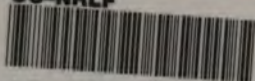
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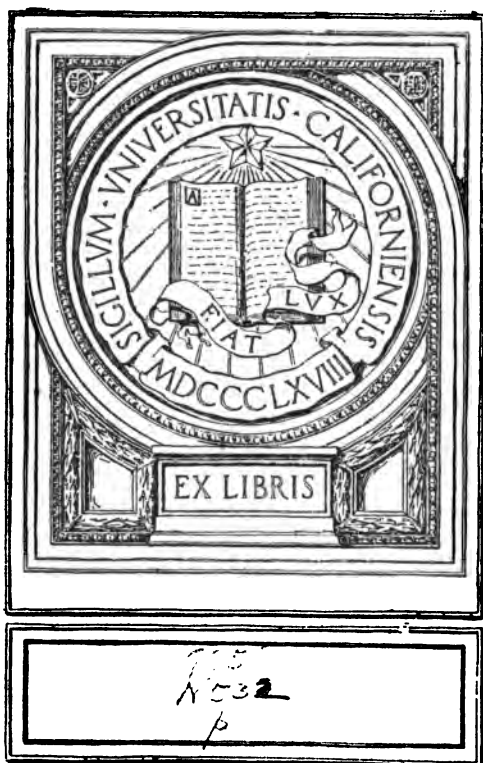


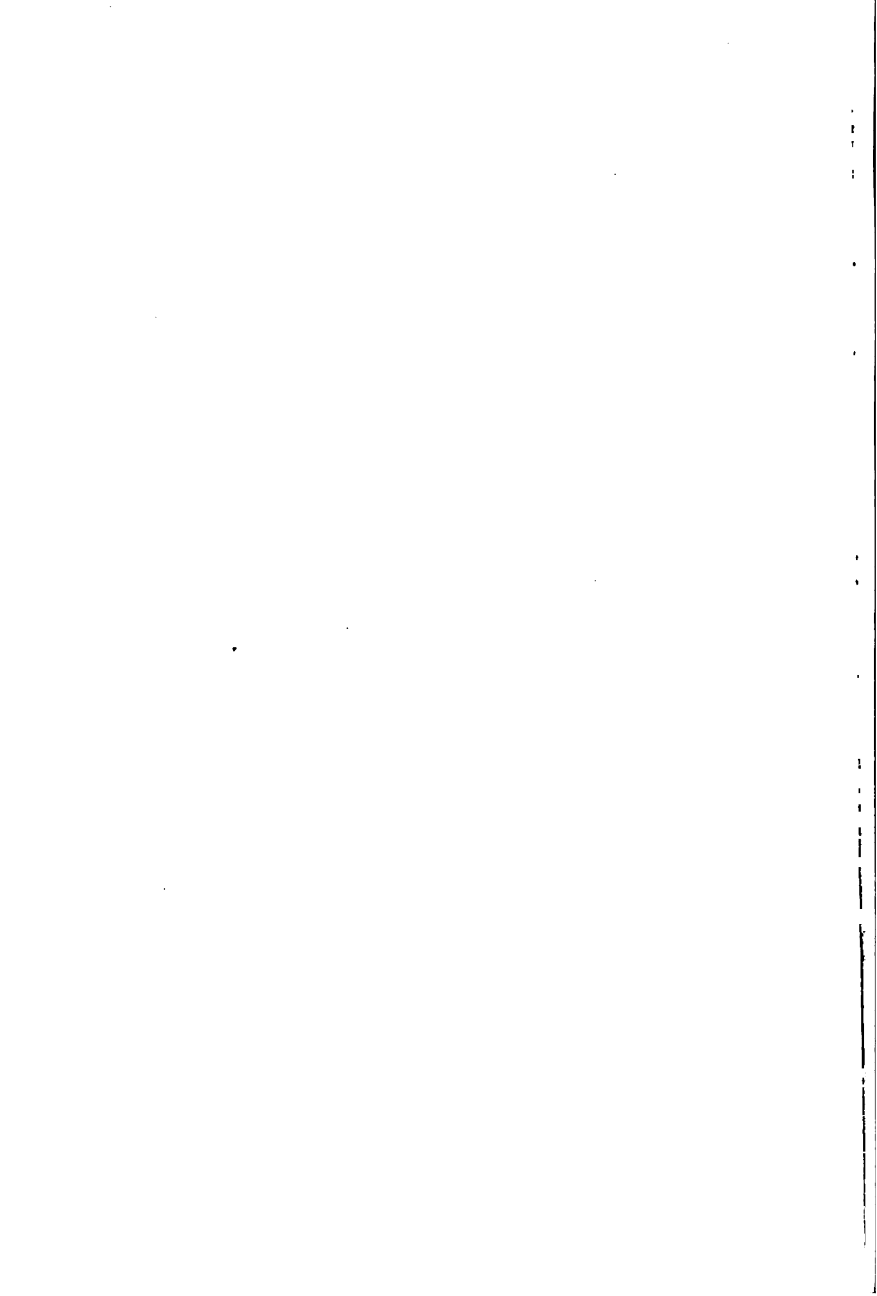
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Poems of Life
from California

NEWBEGIN

YB 11909





POEMS OF LIFE
from
CALIFORNIA

BY
ANNA B. NEWBEGIN

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149 Grant Avenue
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THE SEA OF LIFE

I NTO the open sea,
My boat glides fearlessly
With rudder strong, and sail,
Daring the breeze and gale.

Waves carry my boat
Calm, serenely afloat;
Sparkles sunlight and spray
With silver light ray.

Breakers ahead I see,
Clouds roll over to me,
A voice in the wind I hear—
Courage, and do not fear.

Waves of sorrow and joy,
Laughter and tears, ahoy!
Far in the distance I see
A light shining for me.

Landed my boat and cast
Anchor safe home at last,
Into my harbor of rest
As the sun fades in the west.

A SUNSET

THE ocean vast and wide,
A sunset gold,
A bit of blue,
With somber red,
Pale purple tinged with orange
To darkest gray.
The clouds hang o'er my head
And rain drops fall,
The mystic beauty of the sea
Fills me with joy,
And peace and song.

Willow-Camp by the Sea.

A VISION

I WONDER why for me the curtain parts at early
dawn,
Seeing the mystic beauty of a hope just newly
born.
When noon in glorious splendor shines upon my
weary sight
I long with tear-dimmed eyes to see yon dis-
tant gleam of light,
The evening's hush in fragrance pure, brings to
my soul repose,
I see love's beauty folded in the petals of a rose.

A FANCY

A DROP of dew
With sunrise hue;
A rose-bud fair
In scented air;

A night in June
'Neath crescent moon;
Feet light as air
Tread softly there;

A full blown rose—
A soft wind blows,
The petals fall,
A cherub's call;

An angel's croon
'Neath full round moon;
A rose-bud fair
Is nestling there.

DAWN'S MESSAGE

FILL in the days with quiet thought and poise,
Encircle well thy soul with Light of Love.
Be up and doing, ere the dawn has passed
And morning dew still lingers on the leaves
Just kist in love's embrace by holy sleep.
It is the hour creating purest thought.
Greet thou the golden sun in tinted east,
His golden beauty rich and free to all,
Reach out and glean rich thought, pure thought
and kind,
Drink in the freshness, pureness of His mind.
Send out upon the air a plea for souls
Who need a loving, tender, thoughtful prayer,
So blend thy will with His, O! child of love,
And place thy all beneath a Father's care.

A WISH

DEEP buried in my soul a wish did lie,
A shadow from a cloud that had passed by ;
The nights were long, and drear each passing
day—

Unheeding ears heard not the song-bird's lay.
One day Love smiled on me ; then, passing by,
He left a trail of light from earth to sky ;
And now I hold my wish with sacred care,
Knowing my soul shall find its joy somewhere.

HOLD THY PEACE

HOLD thy peace when tried and tempted ;
Words of wisdom fall like dew
On the ground where seeds are planted,
Bearing flowers of heavenly hue.

Hold thy peace when round thee, seeming
Hangs a mist of thought and fear ;
Sunlight thru the clouds are gleaming,
Fleeting fast all sigh and tear.

Hold thy peace in loving silence :
Sing life's song in tones unheard ;
Wing thy soul in hours of patience,
With the freedom of a bird.

WAIT

WAIT—In the passing throng,
Wait—By the cool sea breeze,
Wait—In the vale of tears,
Wait—Beneath whispering trees.

Wait—With song in thy soul,
Wait—In the dawn of day,
Wait—In the noontide's glare,
Wait—On the world's highway.

Wait—When the sun goes down,
Wait—In the afterglow,
Wait—When the shadows fall,
Wait—When the night winds blow.

Wait—Till the Master calls,
Wait—The new dawn of day,
Wait—For the angel's song
Sung on the world's highway.

Wait—Till the curtain parts,
Wait—When thy glad eyes see
Lights on the shores of time
Peace ever more shall be.

GRAY DAYS

I LOVE those dear, gray days, those rain-kissed days,
Their lowering clouds, their fragrant, warm south breath,
The wind-turned leaves of light and shade and storm;
To hear the music of the rain-drops fall
On shingled roofs of attics where the boughs
O'er-hanging blend their harmony subdued
Or swell into a hymn, a cadence rare
With minor notes, that sob and sigh thru trees.
My soul echoes the wildness of the strain
And mingles with the freedom of the song.
The fire burns low, the coals portray a scene
While memory lingers 'round the forms so dear
That live thru gray, and cloud, and wind and rain.
O! dear, gray days of storm, I love them all.

JOY

BREAK forth my soul in glad refrain,
Let joy and gladness o'er thee reign,
Lift up thy voice to yon fair sky,
Let memory's sunlight on thee lie.
Thy legend voice in silver tones,
Sings melodies from distant zones,
The unheard music of the soul
Wing thee to thy eternal goal.

SILENCE

SILENCE lives in depths unheard
To the hurried passer by,
Gleaning knowledge from the deep
Where the priceless treasures lie.

Silence speaks in voice sublime,
Mellowed by the spirit power,
Breathing fragrance from above
As the dewdrop from the flower.

Silence weighs each thought with care
As so many grains of gold,
Knowing well the soul will grow
And each petal rich unfold

In the stillness of His love,
In the turmoil of the street,
In the great highway of life
Where the souls of men do meet.

LIFE'S TIDES

THE surging tides of weal and woe,
That lap the shore with noisy tread,
They break in cadence sweet and low,
Tuneful with laughter as they go.

Some make a fearless, tempest dart,
And beat the rocks in passion wild
As if to ease an aching heart
And sobbing on the shore depart.

Others with tempered soothing might,
Roll in and out with measured tread,
The spray is sun-tipped, warm and bright,
Leaving the sands a trail of light.

So 'tis with life, our life; we reap
The thoughts that, restless, come and go,
Some sweep us out into the deep
While others lull our souls to sleep.

O tides, roll high, or low, and cast
Upon our rocks your passion wild,
'Neath sunlit sky, or tempest blast
We will our haven find at last.

LOVE

DEDICATED TO
ALBERT AND VICTORIA VANDER NAILLEN
ON THIS, THE
SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR WEDDING DAY,
OCTOBER 10TH, 1917.

LOVE stands waiting with open arms,
Love that shields from vain alarms,
Love unbought, 'tis priceless pure—
Love, life's changes to endure.
Love, that spans the flood of tears,
Smiles and joys of passing years—
Love that merges all life's past,
Breathes thru the soul and holds love fast.

JUST FOR TO-DAY

JUST for to-day
I trust and pray.
To-morrow's care
I will not bear.
On wings of love
They soar above,
And in their flight
Fades darkest night.
Just for to-day
I trust and pray.

AWAKE, I DREAM

THE sunset fades in tinted west,
Gray shadows veil the distant crest;
A quiet nook by rippling stream,
My resting-place awake, I dream.

I would that now my weary soul
Might rest as shadows o'er me roll;
And wait to see my love-star gleam
On me alone—awake, I dream.

HONOLULU

GLORIOUS splendor of western sky,
Just as the sun dips into the sea,
Crimson and gold o'er Diamond Head lie
Casting a halo o'er palm and tree,
Tint from the east, and glow from the west,
Nature is lulling her children to rest.

LIFE

LIFE is a dew-drop
Sent from above,
Borne by a spirit
On wings of love.

Life is a meadow
Where wild flowers grow,
Fragrance and beauty
For earth below.

Life is a changing
From green to brown,
When leaves and snowflakes
Fall gently down.

Life is a dream song
Borne on the breeze;
Life is a sob,
The music of leaves.

Life is the universe,
Law the rod;
Life is the soul
Winging on to God.

SOME DAY

SOME day for us, when tear and sigh
Have melted into sun and dew,
The shadow that now dims our sky
A rainbow mist of every hue,
Shall sweep that cloud o'ercharged with fears,
And Love shall make surcease of tears.

HOW SHALL I KNOW?

HOW shall I know that Thou art near,
To guide my steps, and hear Thy voice
That quells life's tempest in my soul,
And bids my heart rejoice?

I wait Thy call, it matters not
What path I tread, how rough the way,
In valley or on hillside steep,
Or chill the winter day.

Oh! give me light, clear, pure and bright,
Thru darkest hour and perfect day,
That I sink not upon the sands
And lose my way—Thy way.

A FATHER'S CARE

THE Father holds thy hand and guides thy steps,
Upon thy brow the seal of peace doth place,
It matters not what clouds roll o'er thy head—
Their darkness hideth not from thee His face.

The shower of cleansing falleth from a hand
That guides the countless steps of those that
 roam,
For each holds that within himself that claims
A Father's care, until He calls us home.

THE DESERT TRAIL

HER path lies through the desert. Hot and dry is the sand that glistens in the sun, and she treads wearily. In her hand she holds an earthen vessel filled with water. As she passes many ask for a draught; she refuses none. Soon tiny blades of grass appear. Here and there blooms a flower whose fragrance breathes gratitude; now the shade trees cool the way, and in the distance she hears the singing stream.

Her feet have lost their weariness. The vessel she carries is of gold, and the sunlight playing upon it, reflects far, far back upon the desert trail.

CONQUERED SELF

O FATE! unfathomed shadow of the soul,
That blinds and warps and mars the perfect
whole,
That rends and twists our best and noblest
thought,
And breaks the charm that kindly deeds have
wrought!

Fate looks with brooding on a misty past
And sees the iron chain of fear hold fast,
Nor views in tinted east a golden sun
A herald in the west, when day is done.
Fate sees no clouds of beauty in our sky
Or rainbow tints that in the rain-drops lie,
His steely hand he places on my brow
In fancy chill I hear him say: "'Tis now."
"Not so," my soul doth say, "I live to-day,"
And link my hand in his, for life holds sway.
A newer name I give, 'tis Love Divine
And in those somber eyes new light shall shine,
As step by step together we shall take,
And slumbering silence into song shall break,
Vibrating down thru all the coming years,
A clarion note that shall dispel all fears,
For Love Divine shall sweep false fate aside
And conquered self in perfect Love abide.

MESSAGE OF THE FLOWERS

GATHER the flowers from nature's green,
Blossoming buds of golden sheen,
Breathe in their message, 'tis life, 'tis love
Pure from a royal hand above.

Gather the flowers from nature's soul
Fragrance that makes the sick one whole,
Breathe in their song, 'tis life, 'tis love,
Harmony echoing from above.

Gather the flowers from every soul,
Petals of light to reach yon goal,
Breathe in their life, 'tis light, 'tis love,
Messages winging from above.

Gather the flowers, the loved ones say,
Dream buds at twilight, or dawn of day,
Breathe in their calm, 'tis life, 'tis love
Blending thy earth with heaven above.

LIFE'S SHIP

REACH out to souls far, far at sea,
Reach out to all who loveth thee,
Reach out in thought and word and deed.
Reach out to Him who knows thy need.

Think not upon a misty past
Thy ship is coming home at last,
From every port it scarce can hold
A cargo fraught with purest gold.

Love laughs at mountains, lands and seas
Thy ship has stood the storm and breeze,
With full blown sail, and beaten mast
Thy ship is coming home at last.

HER VISION

SHE stood before a door! Many times had this vision been before her, now she stood before the door. What did it mean? Just a door, with neither knob nor hinge. If she opened, what should it reveal to her; if she turned away, what would be her loss?

As she hesitated, around her strange thoughts came crowding; then a whisper, "Open." As she put forth her hand the door slowly widened, and to her was revealed one perfect moment of time, breathing the one word "Freedom." Her soul asked, "Freedom from what?" and the voice answered, "Freedom from thyself."

"When thou hast freed self, then thou hast found God, and all things shall be to thee as this perfect moment of time."

CHILD OF LOVE

CHILD of love, look up and see
Light Divine still guiding thee,
Climb the pathway steep and drear,
Trust His love and hold no fear.

Each his path in life must tread,
Though the sun's bright rays have fled,
Knowest thou not no darkness hides
Light Divine, where love abides?

Hold within thy trembling soul
Thoughts that wing to freedom's goal,
Place thy all within His care:
And find thy heaven everywhere.

THE THOUGHT OF YESTERDAY

I KNOW not why for me the sun's bright ray
In gladness shines o'er all my heaven on earth
And fills my longing soul with joy and mirth.
Unless it be the thought of yesterday.

For me the red rose blooms at dawn of day,
Each petal kissed by teardrops of the night,
Filling my soul with visions of delight ;
Oh! 'tis the love, the love of yesterday.

UNDERSTANDING

HERE in the shade of ignorance we grope
Until the light of truth our souls shall see.
The night is o'er, and morn bursts on our sight.
We see life's shadows cleared, fears fled away,
And we are filled with thoughts and deeds of love
For those who still are groping in the night
To find thru smiles and tears, their faith in Thee.
The noon-day sheds its burning rays on all
That eager climb life's upward, winding path;
We may not linger by the cooling stream
But quench our thirst and onward go, for we
Must reach the summit ere the twilight falls.
So may we pass into a sunset clear
And find, oh! Light of Love, our peace in Thee.

'TIS LOVE DIVINE

'TIS Love Divine, we sing this Easter day,
The Light has risen, triumphant over all.
The cross He bore, no debt He left unpaid.
Think not of blood and tears and agony,
Pray not of darkness, misery divine,
Lift up your thought above the countless years,
Nail Him no more upon the cross of shame.
Sing out into the world a glad new song:
"He's here, our risen Lord, our Christ!"
Give forth unto the universe a prayer:
"He is our King."

THE COMING DAY

BLESS Thou the coming day, the month, the year,
Dispel each doubting thought and lingering fear,
Submerge my will with Thine ; so shall I be
A child in love and peace with man, and Thee,
That I may greet the dawn each morn and say,
Show me my work, my path, just for to-day.

THY GIFT TO ME

WHAT wouldst thou, child, that I bestow on thee? .
This is a time when gifts pour from the hands
and hearts
Of those who love and in return are loved
For deeds of kindness and good-will.
Perchance a selfish thought,
Not knowing that the law gives back its own.
Make thy request! Hast thou no secret wish,
No long and cherished dream, a castle built in
fancy beautiful and wild
O'erlooking with an eye of love a sea of blue and
gold—
A picture that hath framed itself upon a foreign
shore,
Where azure skies reflect a sun in crimson and
pearl tints?
No? Then a longing for a hand that ne'er hath
touched thy brow
In joy or pain, or eyes that looked not on thee
when a child,
Or spake and gave thee counsel mild?
Art silent still! speak, for time flies—
She waits not, for the sun doth rise and set with
measured rhyme.

O Thou Supreme! Since thought can trace,
From childhood on through years, dreams I have
 dreamed
And castles built, and laughed and mourned, and
 wished and wept,
Until the veils have lifted one by one,
And for a while have stood within a point of
 time—
A moment's space. All—all has passed.
I ask that unto me be shown Thy way,
That I Thy will may understand, Thy law fulfill,
May give to others thoughts made pure by love
 divine
That Thou hast given to me.

MUSE OF THE OCEAN

O MUSE, come follow the crestlines
Of breakers that beat about me,
Follow the wide, heaving ocean
The measureless, fathomless sea.

Thy wings as daring as eagles,
That hover o'er billowy sea,
O, find the voice of the silence,
Her love tone, and teach it to me.

Weary I wonder if ever
My soul like the ocean shall roll
Its waves of resistless longing
To see but a glint of the goal.

To dive into depths for a pearl,
To wrest from the waves of the sea
A secret, and find mid the ocean
A beacon light shining for me.

O, Muse, thou shalt guide me onward
To follow the song of life's sea,
Hold thou the one note of freedom
And whisper its love tone to me.

My soul is eager and wistful,
And fain would I harken to thee,
A glimpse to see in the distance
The harbor of life waiting me.

Ah! I shall sing in my longing,
Hearing the love in my song,
Held by the Muse of the ocean
As silent my barque floats along.

Carmel by the Sea.

THANKFULNESS

A WAVE of thankfulness sweeps o'er my soul
Not for to-day, but for all past, for storms,
And calm, for joy and sorrow, bitter tears
And smiles. The rod of love gave me my own.
Sometimes we plod along in life as though
A veil that, covering, keeps us close to Thee.
We know it not, nor see the sunlight fall
Nor do we pause to think if all is well.
The light of understanding clears the mist
For those whose hearts are true and trust in
 Thee,
And with that faith there comes a greater light,
Then from the soul within bursts forth a song.

MUIR WOODS

TALL trees whisper to each other :
“Nature’s God loves us, oh, brother.
Pours on us the golden sun
As each day its course is run,
Covers us when shadows fall,
Drops His mantle o’er us all.
Gives us wind and tempest blast
But our roots hold hard and fast,
We are tempered by His care
For in nature all is fàir,
Lo, His love encircles all,
We must harken to His call,
Hear love’s harmony that weaves
Peace and rest ’neath falling leaves.
Evening sky of blue o’erhead,
Moss and leaves are nature’s bed.”
Tall trees whisper to each other :
“Nature’s God loves us, oh, brother.”

MY FATHER KNOWS

MY Father knows each seeming care,
They crowd around when skies are fair,
He breathes his love on every one
They fade as doth the setting sun—
My Father knows.

My Father knows no ill or strife,
Can enter on love's path of life,
Where all is peaceful, calm and fair
For He is love, love soothes all care.
My Father knows.

My Father knows whate'er betide
Hope's angel walks close by my side
To guard and keep me day by day
Lest I should faint, lest I should stray—
My Father knows.

My Father knows and claims His own,
For I am His and His alone,
I lift mine eyes, a beacon star
Lights my lone way, to joys afar.
My Father knows.

ALONE

SHE held in her arms a soul, hers. Around it she wove beautiful dreams, living dreams, waking dreams. As it grew it slipped from her grasp. Then she builded a temple and placed it there, and in that temple the angel of music sang his glad song.

After a time that soul drew to itself a mate, and she watched with vision clear as a shadow which rested upon all that was good. And the shadow grew, and grew until the seeming reality became dim, then vanished as they both passed on in their evolution. And to her was given divine understanding,—that she was alone—alone.

HOPE

HOPE watches when all slumbers by the way,
Creates her thought in solitude, alone,
She burns the oil that keeps her star aflame
To guide the weary wanderer to his own.

Hope has a faith thru darkest night and chill.
She moves the mountain of distrust and fear,
That we may see her mystic gleam of light
As rainbow tints shine thru the falling tear.

She sings her song with eyes turned to the east,
And breathes anew, new life with dawn of day,
She croons her lullaby into the west,
Life's vesper hymn to each departing ray.

Oh, hope! glad hope, I hold thee close to me;
Thou art my spirit child to light my way,
Sing thy glad song into my listening ear
And guide me into love's most perfect day.

A MOUNTAIN THOUGHT

OVER the mountain, over the sea,
Down in the lowland, wherever you be,
Think to be kindly, happy and good,
See naught but beauty in plain, and in wood.
Drink not from a vessel that holdeth fear—
The draught will be bitter, thy lesson dear—
So be fearless to do, and act, and dare—
To see only the good here, everywhere.

Howell Mt.

CLOUDS

MEETING and parting, dark hosts of the east,
Guests of the universe garbed for a feast ;
Trailing your somber robes, winging along,
Greeting the earth with your tears and your song.
Robe of the firmament, cloak of the night
Wrapped in your folds is a lining of light,
Freeing the shadows in glorious morn,
Forgetting the murk in the joy of the dawn.
Rift in your song-heaven, fragment of blue,
The glint of an angel's eye smiling on you.
Beautiful concourse passing thru flame
Of a sun that ne'er sets, bathed in glory and fame.
Cloak with the silver sheen, mantle of gray,
Bearing a message sunkissed on your way.

MUSIC OF THE RAIN

I KNOW not why my heart is sad
And sighs my soul in sad refrain;
The sunlight fails to make me glad,
I wait the music of the rain;

And watch the clouds flit o'er the sky,
A southern wind blows soft and free,
The bending boughs, the leaves that fly
Sing their love harmony to me.

Ah! me, I love the falling rain,
Its fragrance soothes my aching heart,
Its music takes away the pain,
Love's arrow with a healing dart.

MY SOUL AND I

MY soul and I dwell all alone,
In haunt that to the passer by
Is never seen, to crowds unknown
This sacred spot, my soul and I.

'Tis dimly lighted as morn breaks,
The sun's rays flit across the sky,
And shadows flee as hope awakes
To greet in love, my soul and I.

No trees of giant structure stand
To guard from tempest passing by,
But tiny leaves from nature's hand
That we may grow, my soul and I.

And here and there we pluck a flower
Whose fragrance breathes a happy sigh;
And life is glad for one short hour,
That we may live, my soul and I.

God's meadow lark trills now and then
A rippling note as winging high,
The echo wafts o'er glade and glen
That we may sing, my soul and I.

No fear pervades this haunt of rest,
No darkness covers our fair sky,
We know the path, we know it best,
This sacred spot, my soul and I.

SOLITUDE

GO ye out upon the hills, alone, that the breezes may blow upon thee. Seek comfort in the still places where the grasses kiss thy feet. Fondle the wild flowers—earth's little children sent to gladden the soul of the passer by. Let the sun rest upon thy cheek and forget not to watch for the first blink of the stars.

Inspiration Point, Mill Valley.

VESPERS

GLADNESS o'er thy soul is stealing,
Silver tones of joy are pealing,
Ringing softly, peaceful, fair,
Blending with the mellowed air.

Rest in love, my tired one sleeping,
Angels watch are ever keeping,
Bid thee wake with morning light
From the hushes of the night.

Greet the dawn with holy whiteness,
Echoes night her step of lightness,
Hilltop breathes a glad, new day,
Welcoming each golden ray.

Quietness o'er thy soul is stealing,
Vespers far-off strains are pealing,
Melts the day in purple west,
Blue and gold have gone to rest.

UNSEEN

FLOWERS bloom on either side of the narrow path where only one may walk. Beautiful flowers, flowers laden with the fragrance of peace. Canst thou not feel their mystic touch as thou passest by, and dost thou not hear their whisperings to thee in the stillness of the morning; or feel their breath upon thy brow in the beat of the noon-day sun, and carest thou not to watch in the after-glow, and listen with them to what the stars tell?

LIGHT

SEND it forth, O Holy Spirit!
Let it shine on each blind soul,
Light of Love, show us our pathway
Light that makes the sick one whole.

Light that gives us understanding,
Light that turns night into day,
Light that shows the path of duty,
Howe'er rugged be the way.

Seek your path, tread not another's,
Earthly fame counts naught but dross,
Seek for gold beneath the surface,
Head erect, take up thy cross.

Take it up when eyes are brimming,
And your tears like pearls do flow;
You will find the burden lighter
Than the dross of earth below.

PETITION

O FATHER, breathe Thy love o'er land and sea
And lead Thy wandering child safe home to
Thee;
Be near when life is joy and sky is clear,
When evening's vesper song in peace I hear;
Guide me when not a rift in cloud appears,
Thy voice shall quell the storm, and calm my
fears.

MY SHEPHERD LEADS

MY shepherd leads, I fear no ill,
By day or night He guards me still,
In pastures green He leadeth me,
His child forever more to be.

His spirit guides; so shall I know
His will be done on earth below,
To place my all within His care
And feel His presence everywhere.

Yea, as I tread this path of life
In peace, or turmoil, calm or strife,
Thy rod and staff shall comfort me
As rocks my barque on stormy sea.

Then I shall trace His guiding hand
Thru all I could not understand,
My soul with joy the loved ones greet
Around the Father's mercy seat.

HER OWN

JUST a little gem, born 'neath dawn so fair,
Eyes of sapphire blue, mesh of downy hair,
Tiny rose-bud mouth, pure as morning dew,
Little soul of love, nestling close to you.

DAWN

A ROSE of radiant splendor
Looked up to the dawn of day—
Petals of beauty dew-laden,
Kissed by the sun's pale ray.

I saw a face that was dearer
Than all beneath heaven's own blue,
With lips more perfect than petals
Kissed by a lover so true,
'Twas you—'twas you.

THE MUSE OF THE SABBATH-EVE.

THE Muse of the Sabbath-eve enters my soul,
As evening her mantle of twilight and gray
Enfolds me in dreamland, and soft zephyrs play
Their minor notes humming the closing of
day.

I list to the silence of thoughts on the wing,
To far distant lands robed in purple and blue,
And breathe a pure fragrance of wild flowers
that grew
'Neath a sky filled with clouds of harmonious
hue.

The far distant echo of birds in their nest,
And murmur of bees stilled by shadows that
call,
As the leaves of the woodland in hush rise and
fall,
My spirit is held in the Muse's still thrall.

It carries me far over billow and foam,
Over mountain and stream, flowing on to the
sea
As the wood-winds are winging their message
to me
From a clime where the soul longs ever to be.

I listen and wait for the evening's love song,
.To hear but a note from its murmuring lay
Of a vesper that sings in the far, far away
A liquid amen to the closing of day.

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OF
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